MIKE
Plex Romer.

--flea covered booze bag! You *stink,* Manny! Do you think I care an *ounce* about your bullshit "dream work"!?
Yeah, you better get running! Don't think I don't know how those *towels* get rock hard!
You ought to be *ashamed,* you filth! And I *found* my catalogues under your pillow! You're *nothing!*
Manny, cool off out front. I got a bottle you can tuck into.
Deb, honestly, you've got about two years of *pretty* left on you. You're gonna end up the new *Kelly* down at Dom's Lounge.
No I won't.
And don't think I won't ditch these little *monsters* if you keep on telling me what I can and can't do!
Deb, you're fucking loaded again. No one's saying what you can and--
You said I can't be a good mother. *You* said I have to be a bar whore at Dom's. *You* want to pimp me off. *You* are in my *way!*
Royally fuck off.

Oh, don't fucking do that. Come on. Go take a shower.
Yes, master. Of course, master. I will do everything you tell me to do, master. I am your good girl.
Oh, *can it*, would you!? So you didn't make the finals, that doesn't mean--
We *would* have if chunky Sarah wasn't on the team. Pig.
I've had it, Manny. Where the fuck did it go so wrong, huh?
Ah, but Mikey, where did it go *right?* You see? You have become a stranger in your own costume.
You can't keep on just building another fence, and another fence. You are losing yourself. You should take your mind off and see the cats. Hmn?
Fuck. Yeah. Fuck. I don't know how you keep so cool.
Those cats are over at Paula and fucking Tim's place. God I hate them.
I'm going out. Jen's coming with me. Get used to being alone. Shit.
Are you going to Dom's Lounge to pay Kelly to *fuck* you!? Trash pig!
Got him wound up nice and tight. Then I'll lay the sugar on him.
Well, I've already got five stamps on that rewards card. Next one's free.

Manny knows me better than I do.
Cat master... Rat slave... Who are you going to be, Mike?... Fuckin' coin toss.
Looks like that's Tony all done, then... Wonder which side's claiming this. --Even *dead* he stinks.
I guess you could dump just about anything out here...
...Tie a brick to your woes and toss 'em in the swamp. Fill this baby *up.* Right to the top. Walk on water... Be a *god! Rampage!*
Is that... I thought we told him don't come 'round for a while...
Guy's a maniac. --Stay close, honey. Wall-eyed freak... Hey! Mike!
Jesus...
Oh!... Poor Tony. Oh, god. That *monster!*
...I'm just saying, Mike, what's the point in all the fences if you keep just hopping over them? Oh, poor Tony!
Do you see a *leash* around my neck, Paula? No. You *don't,* do you? Come on.
And, lo. Though I maketh the fence, I do not chaineth myself unto it, for how can a man, thus chained, *rampage!?*
Mike slept in the canoe.
...can't believe no one's taken a *pipe* to those two. Where in the hell are they getting those outfits?

Christ, Petey! Slow it down for fuck's sake! The last thing we want's to get home fast!
Ha! See! I told you so. He *does* love me!
Mum tried to hit Manny with a bottle but he ducked it!
Manny's been in more civil wars than you can *count* to, Joshy. A bottle ain't *shit*. The guy's a *machine*.
I did not even move, Mikey. She throws the bottle and it does not even break! Hoo!
Mike! Where have you been! Oh, Mike! Don't ever leave!
Uh-oh... Uh...
It's like night and fucking day with you, Deb.
Tame me. I'm *wild*.
Wh--. What are you doing there, Mike?
Alright. Now. I heard the whisky didn't break. Let's hop on a rampage, huh?
I broke into Tim and Paula's place. Stole Hugo, here. God they're colossal idiots.
END